The Trail

MARCH
1925

NUMBER
TWELVE

DOODAH-DOODAH-DAY

LILIES OF THE FIELD

PLANS FOR THE ORGAN

Published by the

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

210 VICTORIA STREET **TORONTO**

No. 12, March 1925 THE TRAIL Edmonton, Alberta

THE University of Alberta War Memorial is to be an organ erected in Convocation Hall. This decision was arrived at by the War Memorial Committee at a meeting in December. This committee is a large one, and representing, as it does, every phase of the University as well as the public, its judgments arise from varied opinions and should meet with wide approval. Everybody can rest assured that many forms of memorials were considered before the conclusion was finally reached that an organ to cost $12,000 was of all memorials the most suitable. It is within the possibility of attainment, and yet remains a challenge to the strongest efforts of all connected with the University.

The War Memorial Committee asked the Alumni Association to continue to act as finance committee. The advisory council immediately appointed a small executive to carry on the work, and since then the organization has grown so that in its various ramifications over a hundred graduates, professors, students and citzens are tackling the big job, resolved to leave no stone unturned to raise the money necessary for erecting the memorial. The various committees have taken the motto: "An organ by next Armistice Day."

The results so far have been very gratifying to the executive. Over half the required sum has been subscribed. Contributions from the graduates have just begun to arrive in a steady stream, and it is this response that is giving the workers the greatest encouragement; for it was commonly said that the alumni had no interest in the University of Alberta once they had left it, that the university spirit was but a name forgotten at graduation. Was this true? Would the alumni rally behind the memorial? These doubts filled the executive with apprehension, and it felt that if the alumni fell down it could not for shame seek support elsewhere. Such fears were unfounded. Graduates, wherever scattered, are showing that they are loyal to the U. of A., and that they feel the worth of the tradition left by eighty of their comrades who gave up their lives. Coming in the earliest infancy of the university, this sacrifice should be its quickening spirit throughout all generations, and graduates are showing their determination to keep alive this memory of a strenuous time when the University of Alberta men were not found wanting.

The graduates have already given $2,800 to the Memorial Fund. Much more remains to be done. There is no room for indifference. The janitors and the workers in the dining-room and kitchen and in the workshops of the University have, with a generosity that represents real self-denial, given nearly $600. The teaching staff, most of whom have college allegiances elsewhere, have given $2,200; and the students have given about $1,000—and many of these students, it must be remembered, had but entered the kindergarten when the war broke out. Friends of the University are giving with enthusiasm. The Women's Musical Club of Edmonton, aided by most of the city's musicians, is presenting an opera to help the fund; and the Musician's Union has decided that on this occasion its members shall play in the orchestra without any charge. Other organizations are raising money in different ways. Such has been the response. The alumni cannot fall behind. More is expected of them than

of anybody else, and rightly so. Other fields of revenue have been well worked; the success of the fund depends now almost entirely on the graduates. Only if they give to the limit will the memorial come into being. The slogan is: "Something from everybody."

FROM Mr. G. R. Stevens, in South Africa have come some criticisms and suggestions for the *Trail* which the editors were glad to receive; for no one is more conscious of weakness than they, and signs of interest such as Mr. Stevens' letter shows give them encouragement to do their best. He would have the *Trail* "either the clearing house for the news and opinions of the hundreds who have disassociated themselves through graduation, or as a placid and non-committal organ of the best Western Canadian thought upon matters of national rather than parochial interest." He would have us "call back to the pages of the *Trail* Cairns, Glanville, Fred Parney, Chub Carswell, Sandy Caldwell, George Ferguson, Charley Reilly, and any more of the hundreds who are in a logical position to pass upon the world, its flesh and its devils." To all this the *Trail* agrees most heartily, and reminds its readers that its mail box is a capacious one.

THE spread of the Ku Klux Klan to Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and other Canadian cities leads us to expect that our national anthem will soon be "Oh! Kanada."

AT best the path of higher education in Western Canada is not easy, and the graduates of Alberta sympathize with the University of Saskatchewan in the loss of its magnificent Engineering Building through fire.

Details of the Memorial Organ

The organ which it is proposed to place in the galleries of Convocation Hall, a section in either side, will be modern in every respect, and in its beauty, quality and size it will be a memorial of which none may feel ashamed. The specifications as submitted by Messrs. Casavant Freres of Ste. Hyacinthe (a firm favorably known throughout America) and approved by the Memorial Committee at its meeting in December last, are here given in an abbreviated form.

It will be a three-manual pipe organ with a detached console of the English type. Its action will be electro-pneumatic; that is, it will be played from in front of the stage on the right hand side of the main floor. It will have a full set of reversible and combination pistons, couplers, balanced pedals, crescendo pedals, indicators, etc.

GREAT ORGAN

	Feet.	No. of Pipes.
Open Diapason	8	68
Violin Diapason	8	68
Stopped Diapason	4	68
Gemshorn	8	68
Harmonic Flute	4	68
Octave	4	68
Trumpet	8	68
SWELL ORGAN (ENCLOSED)		
Bourdon	16	68
Open Diapason	8	68
Stopped Diapason	8	68
Viola di Gamba	8	68
Voix Celeste	8	49
Aeoline	8	63
Flauto Traverso	4	68
Flautino	2	61
Dolce Cornet	3 ranks	204
Cornopean	8	68
Oboe	8	68
Voix Humana	8	68
Tremulant	8	68

CHOIR ORGAN (ENCLOSED)

Melodia	8	68
Viole d'Orchestre	8	68
Dulciana	8	68
Wald Flote	4	68
Clarinet	8	68

Tremulant.

PEDAL ORGANS

Open Diapason	16	30
Bourdon	16	30
Gedeckt	16	30
Octave	8	30
Stopped Flute	8	30

It may be seen from the above that there are over thirty stops representing some nineteen hundred pipes, and considering the moderate size of the hall this is as large an organ as would be desirable. There is an abundance of diapason tone, the foundation of good organ tone, and all the standard solo and accompaniment stops usually found in organs are represented. Such organs nowadays are put together with standardized numbered parts so that they can easily be taken down and rebuilt somewhere alse if desired. The architectural features of this organ are in capable hands, and when concretely expressed should enhance the present beauty of Convocation Hall.

U. OF A. ALUMNI GET TOGETHER AT VANCOUVER

On December 18th, 1924, the U. of A. boys residing in Vancouver held a reunion banquet at the University Club, where all partook of the necessities of life while spinning yarns of the days long ago when the dining took place in Athabasca Hall. Fond recollections of prunes, mumps, rugby, indoor baseball with all its excitement, basketball, etc., whiled away a very pleasant evening.

The meeting was hurriedly called to enable Russ. Love, who was then visiting in the city, to join in for the evening. Thanks to him a great deal of information was obtained about the old-timers living in Alberta.

Jack Buchanan, U. of A. trainer for many years, who is now with the U. of B.C., was the honored guest of the evening.

Those present included C. G. Markle, Stonewall Jackson, Dexter, G. R. McLanders, W. F. Seyer, K. Craig, R. Love, Leo. Brown, E. C. McLeod, E. Annes, Jack Buchanan, and George Sereth. Roy Clark, W. B. McKee and A. E. White were unavoidably absent.

It was decided to hold several social functions throughout the year.

A Brief History of the Memorial Movement

The project of a memorial to commemorate those who enlisted for active military service was taken up by the Senate of the University of Alberta at its meeting of May 3rd, 1917, at which time a small committee was appointed to prepare an Honor Roll. At that time it was thought too soon to take any action of a permanent nature regarding a memorial to those who had fallen.

The first move toward the latter project came before the Senate on December 13, 1918, when the following recommendation was read from the General Faculty Council:

"That the Senate of the University be asked to appoint a committee representative of all the interests of the University in connection with the gathering together of historical matter and arrangements for a suitable memorial representative of the University's connection with the Great War."

FIRST CAMPAIGN

This recommendation was adopted, the former committee was relieved of its duties, and a committee was appointed representing the Board of Governors, the Senate, the Administration, the Faculty, the Alumni Association, the Comforts

Club, and the undergraduates. This committee consisted of 26 members, and was granted power to add. With Chief Justice Harvey (Chairman of the Board of Governors) in the chair, it had a number of meetings, the outcome of which was the decision that a fund of $50,000 should be raised to provide for a physical memorial and a general memorial fund, including memorial scholarships, and a memorial volume.

The sub-committee on finance began its work, and a number of subscriptions were received and placed temporarily in the hands of the Bursar of the University as a loan fund for returned men. The financial depression of the following years, however, made it seem inopportune to proceed with the canvass.

In the meantime, it seemed to the General Memorial Committee that something might be done by the Alumni Association, since it consisted of those naturally most interested in the project, the friends and associates of the boys who had enlisted. It was accordingly appointed as the sub-committee on finance. Under the leadership of its president, W. Dixon Craig, considerable progress was made, but, with changing officials, the matter became inactive.

Present Movement Begins

Last autumn, the new officials of the Alumni Association, finding on their books that they had been officially appointed by the General Memorial Committee as the sub-committee on finance, asked that a meeting of the General Committee be called. At that meeting they asked direction as to whether they were to proceed with the canvass and as to whether the $50,000 was still to be the objective. They also asked that a definite objective for the physical memorial should be decided upon. As a result of a preliminary meeting of the local members of the General Memorial Committee, held on November 4th, 1924, it was moved by W. Dixon Craig, seconded by Chancellor Stuart, and carried, that:

"It is the opinion of this meeting that a memorial organ, erected in Convocation Hall at a cost not to exceed $12,000.00, would be a suitable form for the physical memorial to take, and that this project be placed before a regular meeting of the committee to be called shortly."

It was the wish of all present that in addition to such a memorial organ, if decided upon, there should be preserved in some place of prominence upon it, a bronze tablet containing the names of those who had perished in the Great War.

The above was approved by a regular meeting of the committee held on December 5th, 1924, and the Alumni Association was asked to continue to act as the committee on finance.

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The President's Memorial Message

To All Members of the University:

I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me to know that again an effort is being made to raise the funds necessary to build a memorial to those of our numbers who fell in the Great War. You need hardly be reminded of the terrible days of 1915-16-17, even though in the security of today they sometimes seem unreal and far off. It was all very real then; the foundations of our civilization were being shaken by the most terrible calamity in human history. The Britsh Empire had become involved on a question of honor, and our security as well as that of every part of the Britsh Commonwealth was endangered. Today, it is easy to look back and in a critical spirit question the motives of those who issued the call to the colors, but in that terrible hour those who thought at all acted without question from the highest motives. It was under these circumstances that within three years, without waiting for conscription laws to be passed, numbers from the student body equal to the total student registration in a year joined the colors, and with them approximately fifty per cent. of the teaching staff of the University. They knew that facing war meant facing death, yet with cheerful if saddened hearts they went. They were of our best, the finest scholars and athletes in the University, and we assured them they would not be forgotten.

After signing the Peace, a Memorial Committee was organized to do what you are undertaking today, and then there came upon us like a deluge the after-effects of the war. While we did not forget, the pressure of circumstances made action difficult. My own feeling today is that no pressure of circumstances should have prevented us from going forward. It is useless, however, to regret what cannot now be remedied. I sincerely hope that the Memorial Committee, having put its hand to the plow, will not turn back, and that all the members of the University will throw themselves with energy and zeal into the movement and maintain their interest until the work is completed.

H. M. TORY.

The Players Club Presents a Play

The first public appearance of the Alumni Players Club was a decided success. On Feb. 13, in Convocation Hall, it presented "The Lilies of the Field," a comedy by J. Hastings Turner, one of the liveliest comedies ever given at the University. It is the story of the up-to-date twin daughters of the old-fashioned Reverend John Head and his wife ("surely," says the vicar, "it was unnecessary to add 'and his wife' ").

On the twins' birthday their grandmother arrives with the gifts, for one a month in London and for the other ten yards of pink crêpe de chine. The problem is, who shall get which? It happens that a stranger, an antiquarian named Barnaby Haddon, is expected for lunch; and the perplexed grandmother decides that whichever girl "clicks" with this young man shall have the trip to London. The twins, Elizabeth and Catherine, hear these secret schemes, and prepare for friendly battle. Elizabeth "clicks" by assuming the dress and manners of demure Victorianism, and she gets the trip. Arrived in London she has to keep up her assumed manners. She becomes the centre of a coterie of idle rich, to whom Victorianism in manners and dress is the biggest sensation since the "breeches year." The Reverend John Head comes to London, realizes how his daughter has "clicked" with Haddon

through deception, and refuses to consent to the marriage. Elizabeth, in despair at the predicament she is in, throws off her Victorian garb (really), and confesses the whole design. Barnaby Haddon, however, had known it from the beginning, for he had heard the twins making plans. The affair turns out to the satisfaction of everybody. The other twin lands one of her sister's admirers, who proves his affection by going even so far as to shave off his long mid-Victorian sideburns.

The sparkling dialogue of this play pleased the audience immensely, and it is much to the credit of the players and the director that every point told. Professor James Adam, '12, was the director. The actors were: Margaret Gold, Barbary Villy, Mrs. A. L. Burt, Maimie Simpson, Jean McIntosh, Silver Dowding, Irene Frazer, Wilfred Wees, T. G. McCullough, Howard Emery and Bert Rudd.

DEWDROPS THAT SPARKLED ON THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Ann (*the Vicar's wife*): I'm serious, John. You're not fit to have a bank balance.

Vicar: It's only a little one.

Ann: That's why you're not fit to have it.

* * *

Vicar: Still I agree with Ann. Modern people nowadays seem so very modern.

Mrs. Walter (*the grandmother*): So they always have.

* * *

Vicar: It's curious how women never just tell a thing, but always keep on telling it.

* * *

Elizabeth: . . . Now, that has been a marriage!

Catherine: Two utterly hopeless darlings!

Elizabeth: Well, that's the ideal. As a rule, one's hopeless and the other's a darling.

Catherine: Even if one of us falls in love, or get married—or—or *any* tragedy.

* * *

Haddon: I cannot imagine in the year 1925 anything more refreshing than a girl flying to her mother.

* * *

Ropes: . . . Miss Elizabeth, you shall tomorrow night light a candle . . . .

Vicar (interrupting): Sir, the originator of that remark was not a martyr to fashion!

Ropes (with a bow): And is not intolerance, sir, merely a fashion?

* * *

Ann: It's so weak not to do things that rattle you.

Vicar: It's weaker still to do them just because you think it's weak not to do them.

* * *

Catherine: Always bank on a miracle till it doesn't happen.

* * *

Catherine: But—he—he might just laugh and kiss you. Men are awfully queer about things that worry women.

Elizabeth (who can't decide whether to make a confession): He might just laugh, and not kiss me.

* * *

Elizabeth: Well, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall tell them all what I really think.

Catherine: What do you really think?

Elizabeth: I don't know yet. But I shall, if the worst comes to the worst. One always does.

* * *

Withers: Mr. Bryan Ropes, miss.

Elizabeth: Oh, well—will you see him, Catherine?

Catherine: Yes—no—that is—no—or yes, all right—yes.

Withers: I understand the "ayes" have it, miss.

* * *

Ropes: Look here, sir, I don't consider that mere money matters much as regards the happiness of people. As a matter of fact, I have a private income of about three thousand a year.

Vicar: In that case I quite agree that money doesn't matter.

Winter Athletics

It is to be hoped that the readers of this column love sport for sport's sake, otherwise they may be somewhat disappointed with what is to follow.

While it has seemed impossible to turn out a team of championship calibre, yet all the clubs have had an active season, and given many creditable performances. And after all, it is the spirit that is shown rather than the result that forms the basis for judging our teams. In this respect the traditions of the University have been well lived up to.

Hockey.

The senior hockey team started out the season with a bang, winning their first two games in the city league without turning a hair. After a spirited fight with the two city teams throughout the season, the Varsity boys won the right to play off against the Victorias for the city championship. The first game, which was staged at the Arena, went to the Victorias by a one goal margin. Although the chances for Varsity's being able to overcome this lead looked pretty rosy, Varsity came out on the low side of the score on the second game, and was thus eliminated from the provincial series.

A short trip was made to Saskatoon to play the University of Saskatchewan during the early part of February, and resulted in a win for Saskatchewan.

This comprised the programme of the Hockey Club as far as senior hockey was concerned. Next year it is to be hoped

that a real inter-collegiate series will come off, and with the experience that the team has piled up this year they should show up well.

While senior hockey has been taking the lion's share of attention, the inter-faculty teams have been playing a kind of hockey that augurs well for the success of future senior teams. Instead of the usual six-team league, the faculties have been combined into four teams, with the result that a much better grade of hockey has been displayed. At the time of going to press the Med-Dent team was leading with the Pharmacy-Arts team closely following. The playoff will in all probability be between these two teams.

In the number of games won the ladies' hockey team probably were more successful than any other team representing the University this year.

On a trip which included Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Camrose, the team more than held their own, winning three of the games and playing to a draw on the other.

Unfortunately the championship of the universities had to be settled by one game, and since the game was a tie the championship remained with the present title-holders, the University of Manitoba.

Basketball

Accustomed as Varsity fans have been to see the city basketball championship won by the Varsity team, it was somewhat of a rude jolt to have the newly-organized Forty-ninth Battalion team defeat the Varsity hoopsters three games out of four to win the city championship.

Eliminated from the provincial series, attention was next centred on the game with the University of Manitoba, the first for the inter-collegiate title. This game proved more or less of a washout for the U. of A. boys, and after a very poor exhibition of basketball, the game ended with Manitoba leading by five points. Another game was scheduled to be played, but owing to the inability of the University of Saskatchewan to visit here, it had to be called off.

The intermediate basketball team did not have any more success than the seniors, and were eliminated by the Fusiliers in the city league.

House league basketball is not losing any of its interest for those in residence, and many are the battles that are fought in these house-league games. At the time of going to press the league was still in progress with a three-cornered tie, making the fight for first place a real test of the calibre of the teams.

Although not any more successful than the men's teams, the ladies' team carried on in the city league until eliminated by the now famous Varsconas.

In a game with the University of Manitoba the girls were again forced to come out on the low side of the score, although putting up a spirited fight against a much more experienced team.

Boxing and Wrestling

While it is too early to give any news of the Varsity entries in the provincial tournament, yet mention must be made of the very successful tournament which this club promoted for the Varsity eliminations. This affair proved to be very popular, and it is to be hoped that the interest aroused this year will even increase in the coming term.

It is only fitting that, while the purpose of this department is to give those who have graduated from the U. of A some idea of what is being done in the field of athletics at the present time, it should also note what is being done in this line by the graduates themselves.

The outstanding names which come to the writer's mind are those of Jack McAllister and George Parney, who graduated last year, and are now members of the 49th Battalion team, which won the provincial championship from Raymond. No less outstanding are the names of Helen Beny, Bernice Carmichael and Olive Caldwell, who along with Lucille Dobson, an undergraduate, and two or three local girls forming the Varscona team, have made basketball history in their games with the world's championship Commercial Grads. In a three-game series for provincial championship, the Varsconas won a game and came within one point of tieing another. The world champions met their first defeat in the Varsity gym.

Odd Bits

THE FIRST Annual Arts banquet showed the up-to-dateness of this faculty by the menu, which we print for the amusement of crossword addicts:

Horizontal

1. The posterior plumage of a rooster (eight letters).
2. A palatable liquid of high viscosity (eight letters).
3. Elder brother of Royce (five letters).
4. A neat animal, English when alive, French when dead (four letters).

Vertical

1. A prominent Irish family (eight letters).
2. An adjective applied to the auricular lobes of Mr. J. Dempsey (eleven letters).
3. My pretty maiden, what do you do when you're suddenly frightened? (eight letters.)
4. Another No. 4—but black (six letters).

The *Trail* will send the solution in answer to requests accompanied by contributions to the Memorial Fund.

SURPRISING, but true. There are sixty graduates engaged in whole or part time studies at the University.

THE STOCK judging team which invaded the East this winter brought back as a trophy of their prowess a fine bronze buffalo. We guess Dean Howes was tickled.

ANOTHER "cross-country" debate is in prospect for next autumn. Not Oxford this time, but a student team selected from over Great Britain. The Oxford experiences leads us to prophesy that the prairie flowers will not be easy pickings.

THOSE perennial murmurs against the superficiality of university training are heard again this year. Too many social embellishments and not enough of hard thinking and cultural influence, 'tis said. It is interesting to note, however, some of the good things which make for wisdom that have come our way this year: the Oxford debate, Jascha Heifetz, Mrs. Philip Snowden, Rachmaninoff, Dr. Williams (Rajah Singh), Herbert Heaton of Australia—to say nothing of the Exchange Professors.

PROFESSORS are supposed to be a dull lot. The exchange professors this year have furnished living denial to that generalization. Professor Eaton's description of the Irish National Theatre was a delight to many, and Professor Harvey found a ready audience for his delineation of the genius of Judge Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*.

THE ANNUAL spring play of the Dramatic Society was Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." So was the acting. It was directed by Professor Adam.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA won the inter-university debating championship and the McGoun cup in February. The subject of debate was the abolishing of the Canadian Senate.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"

Do you remember—about this time of year?

Doodah, Doodah, Day

By George V. Ferguson.

Doodah, doodah, day—who does not know the mad, galloping tune of the Camptown races? Let him who knows it not muffle up his head in his mantle, and hold his peace, lest gross darkness should cover the face of the earth, and great darkness the people. The words seem fitting as a description of my feeling when, a few days ago, I received an epistle from the well-known John T. Jones—a bald request for 2,500 "bright and racy" words for *The Trail*... *Juste Ciel! Juste Ciel!* as we used to say when Dean Kerr had led us into the labyrinthine thought of the rhetorical Corneille. *Juste Ciel*, we repeat—two thousand, five hundred bright and racy words! Doodah, doodah, day!

Two events have convinced me that I have returned to "the colonies"—the land of audacious and unresented impudence—one was the above letter, a pithy screed, covering a bare half sheet of paper, asking for 2,500 "bright and racy" words; the other, the request of a man who walked into the smoker of the train bearing me from Quebec to Montreal, and asked for help in the solution of a cross-words puzzle. I, who had been used to sit ten hours in a train in England with seven travelling companions, and exchange never a word, every man-jack buried behind a newspaper.

In conservative England, one knows a man by the paper he reads. Thus one learns much. If it be the two-penny Morning Port, one knows that he is a gentleman, probably landed; if it be the Daily Mail, one knows that he is a hopeless bourgeois; if it be the Herald, one knows that he is a trade union offical—not a real member of the proletariat, for the honest working man does not support his own paper—it does not publish racing results, and if the son of toil does not know who won the 3:15 at Epsom, he takes to his bed, like Ahab, and turns his face to the wall, and will not be comforted. But this is a digression.

Yet this paper can be nothing but a series of digressions, for to remain on one subject for long means that one becomes serious, and to become serious is heinous, for has not the word gone forth that that which is written must be bright—not only bright, but racy. A rough lot, racing people, given over to the things of the flesh and the treasures of this world. I wonder how racy I can be without interference by the censor. For the *Trail* must be bright with discretion; it must be fit pabulum for the offspring of our Alumni; let it never be said that a member of the *Trail* set some little feet astray. So levity without lewdness, I take it, must be my guiding star.

I had thought of writing of "Albertans I Have Met Abroad." But at once an old, familiar hymn tune began to ring in my head, and, hours later, the words formed themselves spontaneously upon my lips—

"Change and decay in all around I see,"

so I gave up the idea. Then there was the suggestion of the esteemed editor: "Adventures on The Times." But I had none, and gave up that idea also. Here let me digress. Whenever anything goes wrong in England, there is one great remedy always at hand—a letter to The Times, and, hey presto! the wrong is righted. So goes the traditon, and with the admirable logic of that great nation, the English, whatever has been, is, and ever shall be. Hence, we still write letters to The Times, we always have, and we always shall. Selah. Here followeth the narrative.

In the ancient city of Perugia in northern Italy, there lives a Colonel. Not an ordinary Colonel, such as burgeon in profusion south of the Mason and Dixon line, but a Retired English Colonel, who, grown grey in the service of his Sovereign, is spending the evening of his life abroad, partly because his half-pay goes further when translated into *lire*, partly for the satisfaction of comparing every-

thing around him unfavorably to England. This last consideration is a weighty one. Now, Perugia is a city built on a hill. It was built before railways desecrated the countryside, and the railway station of Perugia lies at the bottom of the hill on which the city stands. The result is that motorists ascending the hill from the station find it easier to open the muffler of their cars when climbing. The consequent noise is deafening, and after many years of suffering, the Colonel decided that there was only one thing for it—to write to The Times. He did so. He complained of the din. Sleep, he said, was impossible. Life was unbearable. He appealed to The Times to put a stop to it. Ten days later the noise was stopped. The city fathers, more fearful perhaps that the tourist traffic to Perugia would suffer rather than that they would lose their Colonel, issued a decree that motorists must ascend more quietly, or remain in the valley. The magic of The Times had been successful. So far, so good.

The scenes now changes to Arabia. This seems curious. Have patience. There was, so late as last autumn, a king in Arabia whose name was Husein. Husein was King of the Hedjaz. His eldest son, Ali, was Emir of Medina; his second son, Feisal, was Kink of Iraq; his third son, Abdullah, was Emir of the Transjordan; his fourth son, whose name I have forgotten, was at Balliol College, Oxford. During the war, recently ended, Husein decided that he must do his part to make the world safe for democracy. Hence, he was on what is known as the winning side. Hence his three sons all sat on thrones. Hence he received a fat subsidy from the British government. Hence, with overweening pride, he announced himself as Caliph of the Faithful, titular head of Islam. Alas for pride! His reach exceeded his grasp. For Husein had a neighbor, a neighbor who disliked him, whose name was Ibn Saud. Ibn Saud, the villain of the piece, needs a paragraph to himself.

The Sultan of the Nejd, for so he is known among his peers, is a Super-Sheik. He is not only Lord over the Nejd. He is head of the Wahabi sect in Islam. The Wahabis are a fiercely austere, non-conforming Moslem denomination. They are Low Church; the Fundamentalists of Islam. They regard the mass of Mohammedans as being little better than infidels. They hate the mummery and trappings of present day practice. They look on the Holy City of Mecca as being a sink of iniquity, a running sore in the side of the Prophet. They regard the enormous tourist-pilgrim traffic of that place as being an abomination in the eyes of the Lord. Ibn Saud himself, a cross between a Primitive Methodist and a New York gangster, shares these beliefs with his followers. He and Husein had been at daggers drawn for some years, and whenever the desert blossomed after the rains, Ibn would climb into his Ford car and lead a raid against the Hedjaz. During the war, to keep him quiet, the Britsh government had presented him monthly with 5,000 pounds in gold. The subsidy was withdrawn last summer. Two other events occurred soon afterwards. One was a successful raid by Husein upon the camels, chattels and wives of Ibn. The other was the descent of the justly infuriated Wahabis upon Mecca. Husein's army fled. He was in despair. The Wahabis were raging without the walls. Only one resource was left to him. He seized it. He wrote to The Times about it.

The letter arrived by telegraph. It painted in vivid word pictures the outrages of the unspeakable Wahabis, and the plight of the lovable and law-abiding people of the Hedjaz. Some of its power was lost owing to the fact that it was telegraphed in French by an Arabian operator and relayed by an Egyptian and an Italian. But great force of diction remained. It appealed to The Times and to the civilized world to stop Ibn Saud. No time was lost. The story was given every publicity. The Times wrote a fiery leader, warning Ibn of the awful consequences entailed by a further advance. But the thunders of Olympus were of no avail. The lightning missed its mark. Two days later the Sultan was

in Mecca, Husein was a wandering fugitive without a crown, and Ali, his son, reigned in his stead. None of the consequences foreseen by The Times took place.

* * *

But King Ali must be left upon his throne, and I must come nearer home, for Arabia is not a pleasant place to dwell in. Only after the seasonal rains, when the desert blossoms like the rose, is it fit for other than Wahabis, and rains are few and far between. Besides, I have never been to Arabia. Some day I hope to go, but not yet. A distinguished alumnus of the University once told me in a fit of depression that he wished to put Asia behind him before he settled down. But he is married now, and his dreams of Araby must wait.

Strange how, even in this sober, economic world, the Wanderlust is still so strong. Time was perhaps when it was easier to satisfy that craving. Now, youth is caught up early in the complex mechanism called Life, and there he stays, until the repressed Wanderlust breaks out in curious forms, unrecognizable as Wanderlust, but Wanderlust still—murder, crime, divorce.

There still remain some fortunates who can satisfy their erring desires—fear not, O virtuous alumni. That sentiment is not immoral, as you call it; err here means to wander, not to sin. But what is sin? Shall I digress? No, I must leave that subject untouched, for who can be bright and racy when discussing man's first disobedience, the origin of good and evil.

To return to wandering. I well remember hearing portentous lectures on the "picaresque novel." This was in my callow youth, when I had a mind like blotting paper, white blotting paper, spotless and unstained. Dr. Broadus delivered the lectures. He recommended us to read such and such books, that we might henceforward speak with authority on the subject of the picaresque, and we jotted the names down in our notebooks, and, if we had consciences, we underlined those names. But we did not read them, for that is the way of the world. Nowadays the young do not read Gil Blas. There is a greater picaresque art than that of Le Sage. Do we not daily read of Mutt and Jeff, two most engaging rogues, and all the galaxy of comic strip vagabonds? No, the sun of Gil Blas has set, and greater stars have risen in the heavens. Their names are Fisher, Briggs and MacManus.

Outrageous thoughts, dost thou say, O English Department? Go to, then. Rend thy garments, pour ashes upon thy hair, and sit lamenting at the outer gate. To whom the millstone and to whom the sea, if this be all that thy teaching hath brought forth? Consider well the cause of thine iniquity, for verily, the Philistines are upon thee who seek to devour thee and eat up thy flesh. Neither shalt thou heap scorn upon the Philistine, for he who is a Philistine today, the same croweth tomorrow from the top of the dung-heap. "Thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that."

Take for instance, the subject of poetry. I once heard an ornament of the world of Canadian letters deliver a lecture on the subject of vers libre—modern vers libre, Karl Sandberg & Co. The eminent literateur most evidently loathed Sandberg (is it by chance, Carl Sandburg?). He hated him. He contemned him in his heart. But would he come out into the open, and damn him to the depths of an old-fashioned hell. Not he! For, in his heart of hearts, he was afraid. He feared lest he live to see the day when Mr. Gigadibs, a greater critic than he in the world of letters, would arise and proclaim Sandberg or Sandburg as an *arrivé* among the Immortals. So he hummed and hawed mightily; he said this, and he said that; his speech was interspersed with "But on the other hand's" and "It must be remembered that's". And the audience of young, of callow, of ignorant students snickered mightily, for the paltry devices of that ornament of the world of Canadian letters did not deceive them one whit. They knew. But, such is the insolence of high place, he did not know that they knew. So both went away contented.

Let us take, for instance, the following poem, written in the Neo-Georgian manner by an Oxonian from the west. Some

might say that it is rough-hewn; others, that it is worthless. But who can condemn it? Who will say that this verse which I was fortunate enough to hear recited in the poet's inimitable manner does not contain within its rugged bosom some spark of the divine? Here it is:

"The shados lenthen at the close of day
The sun sinks lo on Iffley's tumbaling weers.
O! O! How luvly in the setting sun!
I see the tips of Oxen's gleeming spires.

O luvly collidge town I you admire
At Thee my Luv, at Thee I'll never jeer
For you and what you hav I strike my lire
One thing you have, and that is beer, beer, beer.

But, O! the trump of duty calls
I must forever leave this luvly spot
But when my life is dun and darknes falls
I will remember all from you I've got."

There it is, in all its magic beauty. If there be any trace of the influence of earlier writers upon him, it would seem to be the composer of the metrical version of the psalms. That last line,

"I will remember all from you I've got,"

might have been written by Isaac Watts himself, or perchance by some hairy-kneed and nameless Covenanter, crooning to himself as he hid among the Highland hills, while the brutal and licentious soldiery sought for him in vain among the clachans, butts and bens, dochs and dorises and other domestic appurtenances of his native village.

And that is that.

It is difficult to close an erudite paper of this kind, and were it not for the memory of a friend, I could not do so. But that memory serves me well. It is the memory of a man who once attended classes in the University of Alberta. Like myself, he did not graduate therefrom. His career was a modest one. He took little part in the activities of the students, though for one year he acquitted himself with honor in the onerous post of sheriff. He minded his own business, and allowed others to mind theirs. A rarer virtue than this is rare indeed. He had many friends, of which I was proud to be one, and few enemies. Only once he blazed forth before his public, and, like "Single Speech" Hamilton, his one effort gave him a secure position. His name is Willoughby Bryan. His friends and enemies alike call him Bill.

Bill summarized the peculiar and memorable session of 1919-20 for The Gateway. The Gateway, if I remember aright, refused to publish the finest thing laid before the editorial board for many years. With mordant wit, mingled with gentle humor, he touched upon all that had passed that year, and the chapter closed with the simple sentence—"and thus, having fulfilled our function and completed our task, we will fade into oblivion like the last fragrance of a dying rose."

With this belated tribute to merit unrecognized, I will stop.

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Top Row: Catherine Young, daughter of F. G. Young, '15; R. Norman S. Hollies, son of R. T. Hollies, '20; Margaret Helen MacLeod, daughter of H. J. MacLeod, '16, and Helen (Montgomery) MacLeod, '14.

Bottom Row: James Alexander Fife, son of W. M. Fife, '13; Dorothy Jane Wilton-Clark, daughter of Beatrice (Liesemer) Wilton-Clark, '16; Winifred Eileen Joy Giffen, daughter of Andrew Giffen, '22.

Sparks from the Treasurer's Anvil

Leonard Telfer, '24, sends his best wishes to the Association and to the War Memorial campaign now being carried on. He is now in Trail, B.C.

Carl A. Scholl, '18, is now living at 3931 Clark Street, Oakland, California, and writes a short note from the College of Agriculture, University of California, Berkeley.

J. A. McDonald, '24, is camped at present at Luscar, Alberta, where he is assistant to F. P. Whitman, '23, mine surveyor.

A short note was received since the last last issue from Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Anderson, who are still at Sinyang, Honan, China.

R. C. Taylor, '21, reports from Ponoka that he is lecturing part of the time and that as he travels around the country he meets many old U. of A. friends.

George Robinson, '15 and '20, writes from Edinburgh. For the past four years he has been lecturing at the University of Edinburgh.

John Millen, '24, has shifted from Nordegg to Luscar, Alberta. Luscar is becoming a center for grads of the U. of A. in Mining Engineering, there being four there at present. Time to start a branch of the Association.

We are glad to see that George Salt, '24, is keeping in touch with us. The following extract from his letter is of interest: "The pleasure I had reading of the doings and whereabouts of old friends prompts me to add that I am spending the year at Harvard, studying 'bugs' as usual, and that any time one of those twenty or thirty people back home who owe me letters feels like writing, he can reach me c|o The Bussey Institution, Boston 30, Mass. As I don't see the name of H. D. McKay, '24, in your column, I might mention that he is also here, and managing, I think, to get some enjoyment out of the study of Law."

Jimmie McCabe, '22, wishes to be remembered to all his old pals. He has been in Scotland now for two years, but in spite of that he had a couple of genuine Canadian plunks on hand for the Treasurer. Couldn't you pass them off in Scotland, Jimmie?

Cedric Edwards, '23, is teaching at Jenner, Alta., and is already thinking of the Alumni Banquet in May. We judge from his letter that in addition to his other accomplishments he is becoming a radio fan.

E. W. Phillips, '22, writes from Langdon, Alta.; and John P. Suttill, '17 and '20, from Rolla, B.C., where he has moved from Cereal, Alberta.

Mrs. F. Graham (née Miss E. K. Fraser), Coleman, Alberta, and Mrs. R. McIntyre (née Miss Sybil Sprung), Reston, Manitoba, are both on the right side of the books. We are unusually glad to hear from these two old classmates.

H. E. Smith, '18 and '24, is in Calgary, and resides at 1821 16A St. W.

Miss Sheila Marryat, '23, visited the University early in January, and dropped round to see the **Trail**. Miss Marryat reports a successful and busy year on her farm near Alix.

Gordon Smithers, '21, who has been more or less out of touch for a couple of years, gives us a few items regarding his travels. He spent some time with the Chicago Engineering Works, and then worked with a firm installing Bell telephone equipment. He is now with the Bell Telephone Co. in Montreal, and is living at 1836 Verdun Ave.

From Ottawa we hear of Dr. J. W. McKinney, '17. He is with the Dept. of Health and is trying to get ahead with some research. He mentions a letter from Norman Clark at Ames, Iowa, and says he is "lecturing, researching, and playing golf!"

R. P. Miller, '20, tuned in with the gang to the length of a two-spot, but so far hasn't turned his broadcasting apparatus in this direction. He is living at Yorba Vinda, California. The name sounds as if there might be something behind it—how about it, R.P.?

We received a visit a few days ago from Jas. E. Meagher, '21, who has been at the U.G.G. sawmills at Hutton, B.C., for most of the winter. He mentions Dr. J. W. Lang (Jimmie), who is resident physician there for the U.G.G. Jimmie is now married, and since September has been living in Hutton.

F. C. Manning, '24, writes a very business-like letter from Calgary. We take it from his letter that he is now a member of the Manning-Egleston Lumber Co., Ltd. Show 'em the real benefit of a University training, Clarence.

Kitscoty, Alta., sends its best wishes to the Association for the year 1925, through its solicitor, G. G. L. Moore, '21, who apparently believes that only one thing should be mentioned in one letter—so we are hoping for another with some news in it.

Miss Ethel M. Steele, '21, is teaching entrance and high school grades at Cluny, Alberta.

Bessie Bridgeman is in Massachusetts. She sees Mr. and Mrs. Max Fife quite often, and her praises of their son are numerous. You have seen his picture. Can you wonder? A good many of us know the reason why flappers (feminine) are like bungalows. Bessie tells us that masculine flappers (there are such specimens) wear bell trousers more or less thrust into gaping and flapping overshoes, and are entirely self-possessed.

Bill de Mille lives at 1418 Noyes Street, Evanston, Ill. He recently married Miss Margaret Craig, of Calgary.

The administrative staffs of the University Hospital and the University, which include many graduates, had a sleigh drive in February. There were about sixty there, including friends of the staff members. After the drive, which lasted about two hours, the party repaired to the University Hospital Hut for refreshments and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Race and Mr. and Mrs. A. West were delightful chaperones.

We hear from Mrs. R. I. Baker (née Frances Stubbs) occasionally. On the eighth of November Frances took the name of Baker. What's in a name? Ask Roy how he likes the apple pies that Frances bakes.

We have not been forgotten by Muriel Tregillus. Muriel finds Chicago very fascinating, and those who hear from her are in turn fascinated by her vivid description of that melting pot of the world. We do not envy her her early rising hour, six a.m. She says: "It is easy enough to get up to catch a train; one does not argue the matter, somehow."

Mary Martin is attending Normal School in Calgary, and takes time to telephone her friends occasionally.

R. C. Hargrave, '12, who has not been heard from for a long time, is with one of the brick plants at Redcliff, Alberta. He is married and has one child.

We hold up the press to record that Hugh Teskey, '24, blew in from Calgary with the Normal School basketball team, and was seen about Varsity for a couple of days.

Marriages, Births and Deaths

MARRIAGES

Barnecut—Wood—At St. Mark's Church, Hardisty, on February 24th, 1925, Alethea Wood, B.A. '22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wood, to Mr. Reginald Barnecut, B.Sc. '23. Mr. and Mrs. Barnecut have made their home at Milwaukee.

Simmons—Wilson—At the First Presbyterian Manse, Edmonton, on November 22nd, 1925, Hilda Wilson, B.Sc. '24, to Reginald Simmons.

BIRTHS

Rookwood—At the Misericordia Hospital, Edmonton, on December 5th, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Rookwood, 11122 64th St., Edmonton, a son, Ralph Maurice.

Morgan—At Edmonton, on March 12, 1925, to Mr. S. C. Morgan, M.Sc.' 23, and Mrs. Morgan (Gladys Buchanan, B.A. '17), a daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

DEATHS

Conrod—At 10023 107th Street, Edmonton, on March 1st, 1925, Dr. James Theodore Conrod, in his twenty-fourth year.

Simmons—At Calgary, on December 23rd, 1925, Reginald Simmons, son of Chief Justice Simmons, Calgary.

Henry—At Edmonton, on March 15, 1925, F. Reginald Henry, son of W. T. Henry, M.L.A., Edmonton.

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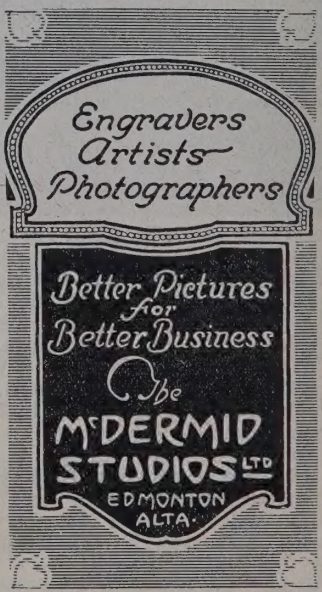

ADDRESSES WANTED

If you know the present addresses of any of the graduates listed below, you will confer a favor by notifying the Secretary of the Alumni Association, University of Alberta, Edmonton:

Miss Margaret Bennett.
J. A. Carswell.
L. C. Chadsey.
Miss Flossie Henderson.
E. C. Keller.
Calvin L. Legg.
Robert Lillico.
H. R. Luchaschuck-Luoren.
H. D. Mackay.
W. R. MacDougall.
D. A. McKerricher.
Sidney H. Sands.
H. Shankman.
J. G. White.
J. K. Wilson.
Harold Appleton.
A. J. Bures.
Lysle K. Blain.
Mrs. I. A. Dixon.
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